

THE SATURDAY STAR.

Weekly.

CLARINDA, AUG. 25, 1883.

No. 5

State Superintendent J. W. Acres came to see Mr. Wilson's Normal this week, and delivered a lecture Thursday evening at the opera house. He is a man of fine presence, and his lecture was uncommonly good. The educational theme is accounted threadbare, but as he talked of the relation of education to practical industries he gave it a freshness that was stimulating. He opposes technical education in the public schools. His theory is to give the children—all the children—a broad and liberal education, by which the mind is quickened and enlightened, and the practical industries will follow as a consequence. There is more nervous, mental and vital activity in the U. S. than in all other countries together. It is *because* we are an enlightened and cultivated people that the industries flourish here. Mexico is a lazy, ignorant, unenterprising people. To bring them out of this condition it would not do to institute industrial schools, and teach the use of tools and machinery; the people of that country have no need for these now. But first give them a generous education, quicken their intellects, scatter intelligence, and they will soon become discontented with their mean surroundings and demand better food, better raiment, better homes, and these new demands would cause the active industries to start into life, the people would throw away the sickle and the phall and insist on something better. The same principle holds here. The public schools by a broader, higher culture, stimulates the industrial forces of the people. But you can't put the practical industries into the schools; too expensive—double sets of school houses, tools, machinery and raw material, all to be furnished by taxation. Teachers would have to be master mechanics as well as scholars, but as the ladies are to be our teachers this is impossible. He denied that the influence of the public schools was away from work and toward gentleness. If there is a tendency in this direction the fault is society's and the home's and not the fault of the school. If you want your boys and girls to work, teach them at home. The lecturer backed his positions

with strong arguments and closed most eloquently.

The editor of the Blanchard Record announces his intention to vote for Weaver. His reasons for this course are not sound. He says Sherman failed to do his duty in not calling an extra session of the Legislature to clinch the amendment, and that Kinne would secure prohibition sooner than Sherman. It is doubtless true that Sherman, like Allison, is not at heart a prohibitionist, but he is a good honest man, who would bow to the popular will, and would not thwart prohibition. He was right in not calling an extra session for three reasons: 1. it was of doubtful constitutionality—there was no "emergency;" 2. a majority of that legislature was opposed to prohibition, and would have failed to pass the laws required by the amendment; 3. the special friends and projectors of the amendment in convention advised the governor not to call an extra session, knowing the character of that legislature. It is foolish for prohibitionists to rally at the governor and supreme court, neither of whom are responsible for the failure of the amendment. The governor, whoever he may be, cannot secure prohibitory laws. That power belongs to the legislature, and Gov. Sherman cannot prevent it if he would. But to vote for Weaver is more likely to elect Kinne than Weaver and Kinne would veto any prohibitory law. Rufus Johnson had better reconsider his purpose to vote for Weaver. Early in the spring Mr. Johnson declared that cyclones were the judgments of God on this wicked people, and in a few days a cyclone came along that way and knocked the Blanchard chrebes endways! Bro. Johnson, if you vote for Weaver look out for another cyclone.

Dr. N. L. VanSandt has been elected to the chair of Gynecology in the faculty of the Medical department of Drake University, at Des Moines. The position will require his presence at the University only two or three weeks every winter. This is quite an honor to our good doctor, but he will reflect credit upon that rising institution.

—THE—
SATURDAY STAR.

A LITTLE TWINKLER ISSUED AT

JOB PRINTING OFFICE
IN LINDERMAN BLOCK.

A. S. BAILEY, - Proprietor.

GOOD AND CHEAP WORK THE STYLE.

The Primary Pot.

It has boiled furiously the past week. It is to be hoped that no bitterness has been created that cannot be allayed. The contest has been between the radical and conservative temperance elements, if we may so designate them—the conservative represented by Wm. Butler, the radical by McPherrin and Hoag. Mr Hoag seemed not to have the ghost of a chance, but his persistence in the race weakened the chances of radical success. So it appeared Friday morning, when an excited feeling against Hoag was manifested. Wm. Butler put a psalm book under his arm and went down to Amity Thursday evening, while Mr. Hoag came up here to arrange for the funeral of his two competitors! This Saturday morning began the decisive battle of the ballots; primary only to point of time, for it is the big contest, beside which that of October is only child's play.

Dora Rickey was not married Wednesday evening as announced in the Democrat. The friends opposed the match, and the anxiety and excitement threw Dora into a sudden and severe illness, which rendered a wedding impossible. The young man had come from Keokuk, and procured his license, but left without his expected bride.

Kinne was falsely reported. What he did say at Greenfield was, "Rather than have our homes turned into saloons, I would be in favor of a saloon on every hill top," &c.

Dr. Lymer repeats and gives credit to the State Superintendent for the following poetical paraphrase of the Democratic platform:

Churches and schools
Are for women and fools;
Then around the saloon let us rally;
Our glasses we'll fill
Upon every hill,
And at night raise hell in the valley.

The Primary Contest.

WM. BUTLER WINS.

Getting a Majority over both
his Competitors.

Monzingo is Treasurer if there's no
Mistake.

All the townships but Tarkio give the following totals:

Butler,	1168	Matthuss,	731
McPherrin,	621	Monzingo,	799
Hoag,	424	Johnson,	1315
Morrill,	751	Pace,	366

Butler's maj over both 123.

The following is the vote by Townships:

Amity—Butler 22, McPherrin 71, Hoag 144.
Morrill 17, Matthuss 21, Monzingo 187, Johnson 213, Pace 15.

Buchanan—Butler 54, Mc 37, Hoag 5; Morrill 12, Matthuss 37, Monzingo 34. Johnson 49, Pace 34.

East River—Butler 25, Mc 11, Hoag 4; Morrill 15, Matthuss 1, Monzingo 25, Johnson 35, Pace 5.

Fremont—Butler 56, Mc 9, Hoag 4; Morrill 20, Matthuss 40, Monz. 9, Johnson 46, Pace 20
Grant—Butler 221, Mc 82, Hoag 90, Morrill 129, Matthuss 246, Monzingo 27.

Harlan—Butler 46, Mc 48, Hoag 7, Morrill 26, Monz 76, Johnson 97, Pace 7.

Lincoln Butler 42, Mc 84, Hoag 33, Morrill 26, Matthuss 25, Monz 113, Johnson 111, F 51.

Nodaway. Butler 484, McPherrin 142, Hoag 39, Morrill 315, Matthuss 183, Monzingo 153. Johnson 561, Pace 82.

Nebraska. Butler 62, Mc 14, Hoag 5, Morrill 51, Matthuss 17, Monzingo 10, Johnson 29, Pace 47.

Pierce. Butler 70, Mc 41, Hoag 6, Morrill 17, Matthuss 87, Monz 12, J. 38, P. 79.

Valley. Butler 27, Mc 18, Hoag 12, Morrill 24, Monzingo 34, Johnson 39, Pace 19.

Washington. Butler 1, Mc 15, Hoag 58, Morrill 57, Matthuss 7, Monzingo 11, Johnson 97, Pace 7.

Colfax. Butler 00, Mc 00, Hoag 00, Morrill 18, Matthuss 30, Monzingo 83.

Morton. Butler 00, Mc 00, Hoag 00, Morrill 30, Matthuss 32, Monzingo 10.

We omit the votes for Lymer, Wilson, Carlson and Swisher who are nominated by large majorities!

The result of the primary will be a surprise to many, not that Mr. Butler succeeded, for this was admitted, but that he got such a large vote and the others so small. He is indeed a popular man. One of the early pioneers of the county, along and active life among the people, winning for him a reputation for honesty, integrity, great energy and public spirit, and excellent social qualities, he has now received a very flattering endorsement. If on the temperance question he does not come up to the standard some of us have set up, still he stands squarely on the platform, will do all it demands, and this is all we as Republicans can reasonably ask. We may all roll up our sleeves and support him, and we have faith that he will not disappoint us.

Normal Resolves—and Dissolves.

Yesterday morning the teachers unanimously adopted the following

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the heartfelt thanks of the teachers in attendance be tendered to the Instructors for the courtesy, ability and patience with which they have discharged their respective duties.

Resolved, That our County Superintendent merits our esteem for the marked improvement of our Institutes since under his control and for the ability and success with which he has discharged the duties of his office; that we emphatically approve of the high standard of qualifications of teachers required by him.

Resolved, That we, as teachers of Page Co., and citizens of Iowa, are in full sympathy with every well directed effort to banish the curse of intemperance from our fair State; that we regard this question of temperance, now agitating our State, the greatest moral question that can claim the attention of the nation; that we will earnestly endeavor by scientific truths, and by our example, to teach the children temperance and sobriety, knowing that they will soon be the voters and office bearers of this great Commonwealth.

The teachers returned to their homes light-hearted and free at the close of the afternoon session, Friday. J. W. HULLINGER, Sec'y.

Mrs. Dr. VanSandt, Mrs. McCreary, and Mrs. Phelps are the delegates from the Charinda Union to the Lenox convention, W. C. T. U.

Dr. Farrants has one of the nicest professional office in town, 4 doors west of the southwest corner Square.

Elliott

The Photographer, The Ground Floor Art Gallery

Opposite Page Co. Bank.

The STAR regards Mr. Elliott as a very superior artist, and heartily recommends him.

This has been tested by a number of the citizens of Char-

TRUMBULL'S
SNOW-FLAKE
HAIR
TONIC
AND
DANDRUFF CURE
For Preserving and Beautifying the Hair.

A purely vegetable compound, free from all irritating and poisonous substances. It promotes the growth and beautifies and cleanses the hair, and prevents its falling out; keeps it in any desired position, and is a delightful dressing for the hair; prevents it from turning gray, and keeps the scalp in a healthy condition. It is a sure cure for dandruff. There is nothing to compare with it for India's and children's hair, as there is no oil to soil the clothing and hats.

PRICE, \$1.00

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A. C. TRUMBULL,
Basement Barber Shop under
Valley Bank.

inda, who pronounce it an excellent article. Try a bottle.

Some of the best and most beautiful Note-heads ever printed in the city may be found at this office, ready on an hour's notice.



THE LONG AGO.

Oh, wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and musical rhyme,
And a broad'ning sweep, and a surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical isle on the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garment that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the days of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,
May our "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

THE SATURDAY STAR.

Weekly.

CLARINDA, AUG. 28, 1883.

No. 1.

It is the design to publish the STAR every week to let folks know we're in the printin' business, and to afford a vent for our pent-up ideas. We shall therefore care less for news than opinions, and if the opinions seem too large for the sheet, or are not agreeable, remember they don't cost you anything. Current events will be discussed, as the humor suits, and the truth told on short notice. Next number will probably contain a notice of Jo. Cook's lecture here last March. If you want a copy of this little paper, and don't see any lying round, come up to the office and get one.

The season of berries affords the best living of all the year. A bowl of raspberries and cream is food fit for gods. Wheat, corn, beef and pork are considered the great food staples, but all these must go through a process of preparation before fit to eat, while the berries come ready prepared, deliciously seasoned by the hand of the creator. What an infinite difference between a hog and a quart of ripe blackberries! But how comes it that these ugly jagged briars produce such delicious berries? Darwinism doesn't account for it. It is easily seen, on that theory how the peacock got his magnificent plumage; the hens preferred for mates the males having the brightest feathers, and the laws of natural selection and survival of the fittest would gradually develop the beautiful feathers. In like manner the swiftness of the deer and the strength of the lion were developed. But the theory fails when it comes to the raspberry, and we are left to conclude that this is the direct gift of a beneficent Providence. The blackberry follows the other in their ripening, and both are so delicious and healthy, so easily produced, too, that the wonder is that more are not produced. Mrs Jo Webster canned 60 quarts from a small patch of briars, besides having an abundance for daily table use for the space of two weeks. Any family may do that. Blackberries are selling at 16 to 20 cents per quart, and are scarce. Why shouldn't they be abundant?

Whoever goes to Des Moines next winter must not ride on a railroad pass. That's in the platform.

GRAND REPUBLICAN RALLY!

The Campaign to be opened at Clarinda August 4th.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR COMING! PERHAPS.

Also Gen. Sheridan and Staff.

And BOB LINCOLN, whom we all would Kiss him for his Father.

Senators Allison and Wilson, Maj. Donnan, Gov. Sherman, and Judge Nourse to be the Speakers.

The Key Note of the Campaign to be Sounded Here.

Col. Hepburn is now in Washington trying to get President Arthur to visit Clarinda on his way to the Yellowstone. We believe the Col. will yet succeed in his mission, though we are not able to say so yet with certainty. Will know in a few hours. If the President does come he will be accompanied by Sec'y Lincoln and Gen. Sheridan.

The STAR has sent word to Chet. to bring his wife along, and a few post-offices and things!

This will make one of the greatest events in all Clarinda's history.

Thirty thousand people will rush in here. The speeches made will be the first guns of the campaign and will call here the short hand reporters of the great papers and our city will become famous.

If the president comes the great Republican rally will be changed to the 4th, instead of the 11th, so as to have the President attend.

The telegrams from Col. Hepburn will be found on 4th page.

The Revival.

Mrs Robinson, the evangelist, departed Saturday evening, after 6 weeks and 2 days of incessant and most remarkable work. If orthodoxy be true, this revival is the most important event that has occurred in Clarinda in a score of years, albeit our newspapers gave it barely a passing notice. The meetings were held day and night, the latter often being prolonged to 12 and 1 o'clock—the little woman always in the lead, preaching, exhorting, singing and praying. Bro. Cozier, big and strong as he is, could not have stood up under that six weeks of hard work without a “ministerial sore throat” and a vacation; and many there are who attribute Mrs. Robinson’s wonderful endurance to supernatural aid. For some reason she exerted a tremendous influence in this community.—Modest, unpretentious, and possessing a rare sweetness of voice and manner, she completely captured this whole community, and accomplished in six weeks what three able ministers, specially commissioned for that very work, had failed to do in years of effort. Here again the supernatural appears on the side of Mrs Robinson. Strange that it took the agency of this delicate woman to bring these souls into the kingdom; it might look like a snub to the regular ministry but for the reflection that possibly they planted and cultivated and the little woman gathered the fruit. The number of conversions is said to be about 200. Of the accessions to the church about 120 joined the Methodist and some 60 went to other churches. These figures show it to be one of the great revivals. It was a matter of regret to the Methodist membership that their basement room was not large enough to hold all who came to hear, but they were courteous and accommodating, and the kindness as well as zeal shown by these good church people was a noticeable and worthy feature of the meetings. Another fine feature was the singing, generally led by Bro. Vance, and throughout the town people are still singing “dein ar glory chunes,” as Uncle Remus says. This revival will be a feather in the Methodist church cap when Conference comes. That is, if the new converts hold out faithful—which is a source of doubt. The skeptic is already shaking his head. “I hope,” he says, “these new converts will stick and come into the ways of a better life, but somehow I haven’t much faith in this thing of getting good with a sudden impulse, under the electrical pressure of a revival meeting, and six months hence it will be difficult to find a trace of this revival.” It is to be hoped that the skeptic’s logic will be refuted. And if religion has anything to do with morality, (Mr. Cozier holds that the purest morality is not enough,) there ought to be a perceptible rise in the moral tone of Clarinda right off. There ought to be a decrease of selfishness and petty meanness, and such an increase of all the virtues as would send Clarinda forward and upward beyond what any business boom could do. As these heated days affect the thermometer, so in a

measure ought a revival of religion affect the morality of a community—send it up kiting among the 90s. Does it have this result?

Mrs Robinson’s methods—charming as they are—are not wholly beyond criticism. She appealed strongly to the emotions—very little to the judgment. She used hell sparingly, compared with old time revivalists, but it was a noticeable fact that running all thro’ her discourses was a heavy current of gloom; her views of life are of the order of sadness; her incidents and illustrations are pathetic; tears are her most effective argument. In all such meetings there is a sombreness, as if the mind to be properly religious must be framed in the dark of mourning. It would be impious for a child to laugh in a religious assembly. There is a marked absence of all that is bright and cheerful and happy and gay—save what the sisters wear. Their attire may be bright and beautiful but their hearts must be solemn and sad. The birds are gay and happy, as though life were a sweet enjoyment, but the religious human being must assume a solemn aspect, as if an infinite doom were impending over the race, and the servants of God must work and worry and sweat and struggle and plead with the Creator for long weary weeks to save a few souls from that doom. Is this an overdrawn picture? Mrs R.’s arguments were sometimes exceedingly thin, as for instance when she attempted to show that prayers for material blessings are answered. But still many of her discourses were beautiful and eloquent and helpful. It was always a pleasure to hear her, and people seemed never to tire of it. And perhaps it does not become the outsider, in his lonely and pitiless skepticism, to scan too closely the mistakes of these meetings or the theological absurdities of those who conduct them. Anyhow, it’s the way the world tries to be better. Mrs. R. is no doubt an excellent woman, capable of doing much good. She is a complete refutation of the plea that women ought not to preach—or vote.

Telephone wires stretch over this city like spider webs over the family bible. It is a more wonderful invention than the telegraph. That the human voice can travel silently over the little wires, and reproduce itself miles away with all the peculiar intonations of the speaker, seems incredible, and would not be believed if the fact were not demonstrated every day. The telephone ought to take the place of the telegraph in the transmission of news, but not so, as yet; probably because the ‘graph as a news dispatcher is in the hands of a powerful monopoly, coining money at enormous rates. Still, the ‘phone may not be perfect enough for long range work, and so it must first serve as a local messenger—uniting depots with business centers, running errands between the home and the grocery, and now and then a important message will come from wife to hubby lounging in his office or town, like this:—

"Send the doctor quick, dear, baby's got a grain o' corn in his ear." Some \$2 instruments have been put up in Clarinda, but it is doubtful if that number can be maintained at \$3 a month after the novelty wears off.

The Dude.

[By H. C. Dodge.]

A is the actress
this dude so besets.

B is his billiards, hills, bouquets,
and betts. C is his
cheek, cigarette, cane
and collar. D is his drinks
on another man's dollar.

E is his eye glass and
English air. F is the
free lunch that he
never
spares.

G is the girl he en-
deavors to mash. H is his hat
just as flat as his cash. I is his
ignorance, always dis- played.
J the jewelry on him array-
ed. K is his knowledge of FOLLY
and sin. L his hind legs that
are so crooked and thin. M his
mus-tache, with only one hair
to a side. N is his neck- tie, a
soli- tied shirt to hide. O's his
old man whom he'll not endorse.

P is pocket book, empty, of
course. Q is his quarrell
when he gets a just kick.

R is the racket that makes
him so sick. S is his shoes
very sharp,
at the toes. T

is his taller
who fills
him with
woe. U is
his uncle,
who pays
all his bills.

V is his
vices that
make him
look so ill.

W's his wash-
woman scold-
ing the beat.

X is his Xer-
on his feet. Y is
tired out quite. Z his
he's tism to keep
his yawns, for he's
zigzag walks when
tight.

Political trades are to be despised. Sever-
al are going on. The west side banks are
after the Treasurer to be elected. Look out
for any man who trades for votes or binds
himself to cliques or money institutions.

The Davenport Gazette has a cranky cor-
respondent who wants to vote for Judge Day.
He is Dundreary's d--d fool hird who has no
more sense than to go and flock by itself.
Gate City.

Judge Kinne played the demagog on the
tariff question in his speech here. He sup-
posed that his audience were mostly farmers
and he labored to show that that class is op-
pressed by the tariff; that the protected man-
ufacturers are adding immense profits to
their goods and so stealing enormous sums
from the farmers who are the consumers of
these goods. And then he kicked over his
own argument by asserting that the tariff is
not good for the manufacturers, for dozens
of them are failing, closing their shops and
going into bankruptcy. His remarks on the
tariff question were totally unreliable, be-
cause made altogether from a partisan stand-
point. He who would have a fair under-
standing of this intricate question, must seek
his information from impartial sources, and
trust not a word uttered by campaign speak-
ers. Kinne made much sport of the free list,
and it is ridiculous, but why charge its mis-
takes and folly to the Republican party? That
law was the work of a non-partisan commis-
sion appointed by a Democratic congress, and
Democrats and Republicans voted for its
adoption.

O. H. Park's bright little two-year-old boy
is down with that dreadfully fatal disease,
cholera-infantum. To those who have lost
little ones by this destroyer, this news from
Mr. Park's pet will cause infinite pain and
sadness, and mothers will hug closer to their
bosoms the babies exposed at this time of
year to that complaint. Doctors don't know
how to treat it successfully, and hundreds of
children die with it every year. In Chicago,
where the best medical skill exists, cholera-
infantum sweeps away large numbers of chil-
dren. Some of the good doctors ought to
make this disease a subject of special study.
Meantime let us earnestly hope that Dr En-
field may pull the Park baby through.

**Some of the best and
most beautiful Note-
heads ever printed in
the city may be found
at this office, ready on
an hour's notice.**

3684

Political Situation.

are in the field for Representative. Each plants himself squarely and firmly on the platform, particularly the 3d plank, it looks on the surface serene and lovely, with prohibition sure to win. And so it will, though the sailing is not entirely smooth. As matters now stand, Wm Butler's ship is almost sure to come in ahead. The party is divided into two wings—not hostile by any means, but yet distinct. On the one side are the straight prohibitionists, who have for years labored for the temperance cause and brought it up to a position where the party was compelled to endorse it. The other class is composed of those who are opposed to prohibition and opposed to the party having anything to do with it. Some of this class say they will not vote the Republican ticket this year because of that 3d resolution. Now the first class—the straight prohibitionists—regard Mr. Butler as belonging naturally to the second class, and, conceding his personal popularity, his generous public spirit, his honorable business career, and how helpful he has been as a citizen, they still stay, that in view of his relation to the temperance cause—the fact that he sometimes drinks—he is not a fit man to represent the temperance element of this county, constituting a large majority of its population. On the other hand his friends claim that as he plants himself fairly on the 3d plank, the very facts above given make him a fair compromise candidate. Some prohibitionists take this view of it. Under these circumstances Mr Butler is making rapid headway. Especially as the straight prohibition vote is likely to be divided between three candidates—McPherrin, Hoag and Griffith. An effort was made the other day to consolidate these three into one, but as it is a ticklish job, it will likely fail, for no one wants to precipitate a quarrel, nor enter into any arrangement that would look like a bargain and sale or give offense to any man. Better let all the candidates run and trust to the people to solve the difficulty. Yet it is clear that if the three other candidates continue on the track Butler goes in. The writer of this now, as a year ago, considers Wm McPherrin the man for the place, but whoever wins prohibition is safe. And that is the main issue; though not the only one. We should like to see each of the candidates define his attitude toward the railroad and other monopolies, and this would help to a choice. Will they refuse a free pass? Will they oppose and vote to repeal that ridiculous commissioner system?

Since the foregoing was written the Sheandoah Post comes with John X. Griffith's withdrawal, in a buff. This simplifies the contest a little. Mr Hoag is in town to-day and is exceedingly sanguine of success. He is a farmer, and a good worker. Mr McPherrin has been through the county and is equally hopeful—finding plenty of supporters everywhere.

This is the situation as it appears to-day.

Telegrams from Col. Hepburn.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Aug. 26, 1883.

JOHN N. MILLER:—Arthur and Lincoln both absent. Expected to-morrow. Hope to send satisfactory information to-morrow. Interview with Sheridan satisfactory. Potter telegraphs he will furnish President train from Council Bluffs. W. P. HEPBURN.

Under date of 27th—

J. N. MILLER:—Lincoln has telegraphed Sheridan the practicability of the Clarinda trip. President not yet arrived. Outlook not very promising. W. P. HEPBURN.

JOB PRINTING a Specialty at the STAR office.

S. E. Wilson will probably have a walk-over for the Superintendency. A wide-awake and capable man, enthusiastic and discreet in his work, he must be remarkably well adapted to the office not to have aroused opposition in the six years he has held. And that is just the kind of man he is, a first rate officer; we can't do better than re-elect him.

E. H. Dunn & Son have fitted up a row of neat bath rooms at their mineral well. Hot and cold water, and all conveniences.

The Normal begins Aug. 6th. Yum, yum!

Kinne expressed himself in favor of a saloon on the public square. Don't want any such man for governor.

Lawyer Keenan come over from Sheandoah the other day and wrote a letter to the Republican that he thought was a keen 'un; but it wasn't calculated to create good feeling. Mr Butler had better pull his mutton-chop whiskers a little.